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HOODWINK

FOUR (4)

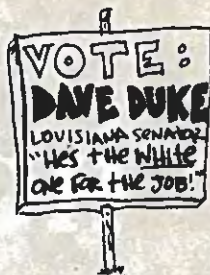


INTERVIEWS W/ GENITORTURERS BORN AGAINST
ARTICLE: SLAVEMASTER STORY: DISCIPLINE (II)



"For, while the tale of how we suffer, and how we are delighted, and how we may triumph is never new, it always must be heard. There isn't any other tale to tell, it's the only light we've got in all this darkness." -James Baldwin

RACIST JOKES by David Font



CHICKEN WHITE POWER:
KU CLUCK KLAN

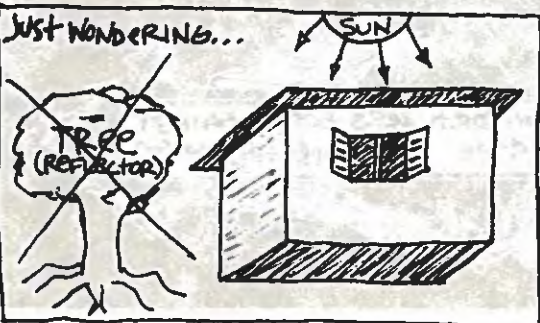
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Extra copies of this or any future issues are .75¢ ppd. Sorry, no back issues are available. I accept zines, books, tapes, records or anything else that you might have that is of interest. If I don't want it, I'll always send it back. I promise. SEND NO ADS. If you write and you don't get your stuff, let me know: the U.S. Post is not completely reliable.

A big "sorry, I fucked up" goes out to Walter Latham for never giving him complete photo credit all the very back in issue 1.



You're standing in a room which rests flat on the earth's surface (not much imagination required to picture this). The sun is directly above you, sending its rays straight down, but light comes in through windows that are parallel to the sun's direct rays. It is my understanding that the reason light is coming in through the window is that the rays reflect off of everything else: the surface of the earth and everything on it.

My question is, If there were nothing around the room for the light to reflect on (if the room were in a void), would that light still be coming in through the window OR would it simply hit the roof and nothing else? Would the inside of the room be in complete darkness? This is Special Question Number Four.

Thanks for your help in putting this issue together: Carolyn Conger, Tony Colette, Carlos Mesa, all of the contributors, Mildred Rocksbrough of the NAACP, and the Almighty Nasher.

Front cover: drawing by Tony Colette. Drawing on last page by Tony Colette. Back cover: drawing by M.C. Escher, photo by Carolyn Conger.

Hoodwink Zine
c/o David Font
200 SE 15 Rd. #16-D
Miami, FL 33129

POET LAUREATE & TUG-O-WAR ANCHOR, MISH-MASH NASH...

WHERE CARPETTING MEETS RECORD COLLECTING dot dot dot

ODE TO A HOODED SWEATSHIRT

Oh! my hooded sweatshirt
You were so dear to me
I treasured your beautiful sh...
And that exquisite little C...
I swore my love would never end
And that I'd always be true
But now you're gone so I guess
I'll dress
Like the Alleyway Crew.

I wore you all the time
Whether it be day or night
But if I was with 'da Skins
I'd have to wear my flight.
I don't know where to go
Since I lost you at the show
I put you down to go in the pit
You were gone and that was it.

Oh! my Lord what will I do?
I won't be able to live without you
I love you more than sex
You went so well with my
big fat X.
Now you're gone, but I guess I
should be glad
Because in the hardcore world
you are just a bygone **FAD**...



Dedicated to: the editors of Free Thought, Silent Victory, Caring Edge, and Straight Pride. Also, members of Refuse, Intensity, Open Eyes, Second Thought, and Wide Awake. Not to mention my fellow edge-boy youth, Jason Mamorrella, Jim Barnes, Gus "SE", and Dave Koenig.

this is almost too much sarcasm for one man... like Paul Bearer **CRUCIFIED!**

Mike Judge



CHAIN OF STRENGTH



page by Kevin "Big Thief"
B. Nash-Metuchen, NJ



interview

Genitortur

HW: What are the Genitorturers all about? Is there any kind of guiding concept?

G: A guiding concept? Well, obviously the word "genitorturer" ... genital piercing is a big thing right there. I want to try and get across some different messages. We could play any kind of music we want, but we use this medium of music because it's a hard, aggressive music that gets across an emotion, which is a lot of anger and frustration that comes from living in a western "civilized" society that won't wake up to reality. Society tends to gloss over things and ignore reality. Basically, reality in terms of sexism, racism, governmental exploitation of the individual ... stuff like that.

HW: What kinds of things do you try to get across personally?

G: Because I'm the only female member, I come across breaking down the usual female role of being submissive and passive and all that shit.


HW: Do you think that what you do on stage exploits women in any way?

G: I'm trying to get across the image of a female in a powerful role. Obviously, anyone who perceives what I'm doing as exploitation of women is an idiot. It's the exact opposite. It shows that women have the capability to be powerful in their expression and not just sit back and accept the bullshit role that society dictates. Any woman who allows herself to be exploited is an idiot. Notice I didn't say dominated, because you have

All Genitorturers photos
by Carolyn Conger.

The Genitorturers are:
Gen-vocals Scott-guitar
Butch-bass Mike-drums

Genitorturers



to remember that there are a lot of men and women who enjoy being dominated and/or who are masochistic and enjoy being in a passive role. That is different from being exploited; those people who enjoy being dominated are fulfilling their wishes by being dominated. It's only exploitation when you're going against someone's desires.

HW: You mentioned the lyrics; what are some of the songs about?

G: Ok, a lot of the lyrics I write are strange in that they have a dualistic meaning to them and I incorporate a lot of metaphors describing something in terms of something else. "Final Penetration" is about someone who falls under mind control, by a priest that takes little boys in the back room and tells them, "Well, you're going to go to Heaven if you let me fuck you up the ass," and it's also about the drug addict who is wondering if this is going to be the final penetration in driving the needle into his vein, wondering if he's going to find Nirvana or not. It's about both things. We have another song called "Experiment with Pain" - it's one of the songs that's going to be on the Thrasher Volume 9 "Skate Rock" tape that talks about a lot of things. It says, "Saw a man thinking about another time and place, where true men yearn for pleasure's last turn." The thinking man wants to transcend the borders of the flesh. He's thinking about getting in touch with his spiritual self and filling a

void, and there's a lot of people who have the urge to do that but tend to do it in different ways. The same way the addict is looking for something that's missing, he needs to fill a void. It says,

"Watched a man driving a dirty needle into his vein. Before it hits, he knows he can't quit. Desperate man, pulls the trigger plants the bullet in his head. One moment's chance, then he's dead." Ease your pain, embrace tormenting pain.

This is just about people who choose different ways to fulfill their needs.

HW: And deal with pain...

G: Right. And deal with the reality, too, because our society has taught us to pretend that everything is ok all the time, not to mention the way we're constantly fed crap, even as far as music. The person who doesn't really go out and look for something other than what's presented to them on the radio gets nothing from music that would tell them anything. And with tv or whatever, people just eat what they're fed and they believe that everything's ok.

HW: Yeah, ecology loses most of the punch when Bono's talking about it.

G: Exactly! In a way, it's cool, but I can't get up there and sing happy songs in a happy G-chord about people being racists and beating the shit out of each other. That pisses me off! I can't sing happy songs because I'm angry. I'm up there conveying an emotion with my voice. That's why I sing the way I do. I don't sing like a girl. I sing in deep, guttural.

HW: You don't sing like most girls, anyway.

G: The thing is, girls could sing like that, but they just choose to fall in. That's just another way of saying, "Fuck you,



GEN ON PIERCING

Piercings have two functions: the symbolic function and the erotic function. They are symbolic in that they are a way of showing control. When you get a tattoo, you are taking control and modifying your body to become something that is more you. When you are growing up, you are molded and shaped by a lot of things. You get to an age when you start thinking for yourself and you realize how much of what you are isn't really you, just things that you've internalized because you've been around them. A lot of people come to these realizations and the whole body modification, tattooing, scarring, piercing thing is a way of reshaping and taking control of their bodies. Like the kid who is molested and grows up with shitty self-esteem, there are some people who can regain a sense of identity and create a new self-worth; by tattooing and altering their body they are saying, "This is my body."

Temporary negation.

I'm not going to be what you expect."

HW: You know your guitarist rules, don't you? [Had to mention it.]

G: He's cool. You had a question in your letter about what we were all like when we were kids... well, Scott still is a kid.

I know that Butch was pretty much a monster who threw rocks at bums and did really horrible things. Your typical bully. Mike was your laid back, non-materialistic kind of dude. He's totally someone who rejects society and the "you have to do this, this and this" kind of thing. He's not upwardly mobile, you know? He could be happy living in a shack on a river, just as long as he had food. He is not materialistic AT ALL... You can tell because he's been playing the same drums for 13 or 14 years.

HW: Alright, let's get down to the real thing here. What's really behind the genital piercing and dominatrix image?

G: Like I said, we like to wake people up with our music and create awareness as to what's going on. A lot of people aren't aware of how big the underground piercing/S&M/bondage scene is. It's huge! Until recently, with stuff like Modern Primitives and videos like "Dances Sacred and Profane", people into hardcore and in general didn't even know that this existed. I've been into this for some time. I'm the piercer, or genitor-turer, who performs the piercing. The music reflects what I do. It's kind of interesting that the piercing scene is a scene unto itself, because as a band we also have followers from that scene who don't even know what hardcore is, so there's a dual thing to our band, too. We can play S&M clubs, like we're going to do in New York at the only legal S&M club in the country, as well as the hardcore shows.

HW: Do you think that a lot of tattooing, especially in hardcore, is the product of an environment just as much as anything else? Like skinheads with eagles and flags or straight edge kids with X's.

G: Sure it is. Just like the whole

Fakir uses penis weight

hardcore scene has changed over the years, that goes with it. When people first started playing hardcore, there were no rules. Anything within the scene was hardcore, because hardcore is an attitude. It's a thought pattern. It's a way of thinking, NOT a style of music. What's happened over the years with the media getting in on it is that it's been defined and quantified and taken away from a lot of what it was originally meant to be. When people get in that scene, people say, "I want to be hardcore. How can I be hardcore? Well, hardcore people have tattoos..." Who says hardcore people have tattoos? And it's not just tattoos, it's what kind of tattoos. Oh, you've got to pierce your ears this many times." That's bullshit. Any time you're doing something for someone else then you haven't made any sort of choice to control your own development. Also, since there's a lot of young kids in hardcore, the whole thing is basically a growing process. Down the line, maybe that tattoo they got - even though it was shit and something they did because their friends did - maybe that'll help them to realize those things. HW: How did you first get into this kind of music? I heard a story about your mom getting you into it...

G: My mom?

HW: Yeah. Not true?

G: No. Well, she helped facilitate it. When I was young, I started listening to punk bands and the first show I went to, which was probably in 1979 or '80 - I went to see DOA in Vancouver - when I was visiting my grandmother. I met some guy with a mohawk and I guess that was my first real "hardcore experience". My parents were very cool in that they'd take me to see shows out in California and New Mexico, because you could go to clubs as long as your parents were with you. I got to see a lot of things that other people my age didn't get to see. Like I saw Minor Threat when they first went to California and stuff like that. Lots of bands.

HW: Speaking of drinking and clubs and all that, do you have any sort of band



policy as far as age-restrictive shows, high door prices or any of that troublesome stuff?

G: What do you mean?

HW: Like would you not play a club if it was 21 and over or if the door was fifteen bucks?

G: Well, as far as the high ticket prices, I think it sucks shit but at the same time it means I'm going to have to put on a damn good show and also take time out to go outside. See, if you play a show that's 21 and over, there are always going to be people who show up outside and you can at least hang out and talk to them. I try to do everything in my power to get all ages shows, but sometimes because we have a lot of bondage/S&M-type things that we do, we can do things at a 21 and over that we can't do at all ages shows. I have to restrict myself to doing nipple piercings at all ages shows. I have been known to do a couple of scrotum piercings, but that was very naughty of me. We have different shows for different things.

HW: Is that the only reason you wouldn't do an all ages show?

G: We'll always play all ages shows! You mean are we Fugazi and if it's more than \$5 we won't play?

HW: Yeah, exactly!

G: Well, that's just not realistic. It's nice, but I'm a realistic person and it's just not going to happen.

HW: I would definitely disagree with you on that-

[more talk about the relationship between popularity and control]

HW: I don't want to keep bringing up the same group of people as an example, but what about bands like Ignition and Soulside who did the same kinds of tours? They weren't very well-known at all when that happened.

G: Oh no no no! When you go out and do a tour that's one thing, but I'm talking about around this area, especially in Central Florida where, if you want to play, you're lucky to even get on a bill because what the big club owners are getting to do are concerts more than shows. Down south where you are you still get some places where the actual kids are doing the shows, and that's great because we've really lost that up here, due to the violence. That's what will happen to you if you allow it to go on. Thus we have resorted to more of a concert-type thing at places like the Beecham Theatre, that have bands like Slayer, the Revolting Cocks and Ministry. When those are the only places to play, it's not realistic to say that we're not going to play unless the tickets are five dollars. See?

HW: Well, the smaller shows aren't necessarily coming from a more down-to-earth or less fashion-oriented point of view. Also, it's not a matter of the amount of money that's involved, it's the about the reason you're doing the music in the first place.

G: I'll say this: the shows that are two bucks in the warehouse are the ones where we get paid the most. In fact, we're getting paid jack shit if we get paid at all to do those shows. I have a lot of respect for Fugazi. One thing they do, which is cool and I will attempt to do if we ever go out-of-state, is to not deal with certain promoters who have been known to jack up prices and jerk

bands around. They've made attempts to contact other people and get other alternative shows.

HW: Related to that, if you had the opportunity, would you sign to a major label?

G: It would have to depend on how they were going to work within what I want to do. See, this band has been around for four years and I've never sent a demo tape to a record label,

independent or otherwise. It just hasn't been a focus for this band to get signed.

A lot of the stuff that I have to present to people as part of reality is what record labels feel shouldn't be presented. Anything that would happen would need to be on our terms.



HW: I wasn't thinking so much of the relationship between the label and the band as much as the label and the rest of the world.

G: You mean like as a huge conglomerate that's a controlling force in our society. . . Yeah, that makes me pretty fuckin' sick. I'd have to find out where the label had their investments and who their controlling company is. Obviously, I wouldn't want to be signed to anything that was linked in with DuPont or any of these companies that are happy to really fuck up the world.

HW: Who does your artwork for you?

G: A fellow I went to school with who is an art major at Rollins. He's done most of it.

HW: What's his name, or are you deliberately not giving him credit for some reason?

G: Oh, I give him a lot of credit, but I'm not sure if he would want me to use his real name. What he does for us is nothing near what he does for a living. He calls himself Meatcliff.

HW: Was Wendy O. Williams a big influence on you?

G: Oh yeah. I was listening to her back in 1978. She is an extremely intelligent person. I've met her a couple of times - and she has a lot to say.

HW: Yeah? Hmm . . . It seems like whatever she has to say would come across better if it was more straight forward, instead of coming out through

EXPERIMENT WITH PAIN

Saw a man thinking, bout another time
and a place where true men yearn
for pleasures last turn.

Watched a man drivin, dirty needle in
his vein before it hits he know he
can't quit.

Desperate man, pulls a trigger, plants a
bullet in his head - one moments
chance then . . . he's dead.

Ease your pain - Justify it
Soothe your pumping brain -
Embrace tormenting pain
Ease your pain serve an urge
experiment with pain

Thinkin man transcends the borders of
the flesh, Spirit awake to embrace a
pins caress.

Drivin man drowning in confusion and
disease

Spirit stifled no drink or drug appease.

© 1990 Genitorturers



the clothes or whatever.

G: You've got to understand that they [the Plasmatics] were the shock rock band of the 70s and a big part of what they were doing - how they dressed and the way they presented themselves - had to do with the socio-economic-political climate of the 70s. You remember the 70s... disco!

HW: I wasn't there

G: Oh yeah right! You had your satin jacket and you owned 'The Brick House' by the Commodores

HW: Ok, sure.

G: The disco thing, that was the ultimate. There were a lot of fucking problems during that time, but it was just like, 'Ooh groove. Everything's cool. Do your disco moves.' In order to wake people up and get any sort of attention, bands like the Plasmatics needed to look shocking to command attention. That's why it was so shocking. You had to be! People were so lulled into a dull sleep by the times. It was just disco machoness... Saturday Night Fever... Similarly, I am convinced that the general climate is leaning in that direction today.

HW: Oh yes. Other musical influences?

G: Scott our guitarist listens to classical. He is an excellent classical guitarist. In

fact, he can play classical twelve-string more proficiently than his electric. He listens to a lot of Led Zeppelin; now he's into a lot of hardcore and a lot of straight edge bands, and Kiss. This is bizarre, because the one link between the whole band is Kiss.

HW: Between the band? Between the world! I heard about Kiss when I was seven years old... in Puerto Rico! This is serious.

G: Yeah! Butch was heavily into Kiss and he is the reincarnation of Gene Simmons.

HW: Yup yup yup-

G: Mike is into the Allman Brothers, Bo Diddley, B.B. King, a lot of reggae. Basically, he'll listen to anything, but he hates speedmetal (and there's a lot of speedmetal to hate). I grew up listening to heavy hardcore. I can't even name all the bands.

HW: If you could be anyone in the entire universe, who would you be?

G: [long pause] No, I really can't think of anyone. Everyone's got their own fucked up shit that you don't even know about. I don't want that. At least I know what my problems are.

HW: What was the last book you read?

G: [lengthy pause] Medical-Legal Investigation of Death. That's a forensic medicine textbook I read. It's about trying to figure out ballistics, bullet entry and exit wounds and trying to determine whether they're self-inflicted or what. It has a lot of pictures, too... One of our songs is called 'Carrión Dementia' and it's out of that book. It's about a true story in which there were a bunch of little boys missing, about seven or eight of them, eight years old. A couple of witnesses saw a young guy, about seventeen years old, hanging around this park where some of the little kids had been playing. They followed up on this guy, went to his school, opened his locker, and looked in his lunch box and there were the penises of some of the little boys.

HW: Whoah!

G: in the sandwiches that he made to eat. Then they went to his house and he had basically chopped these little boys up and was eating them. There are pictures of the sandwiches with the penises and also part of the heads

Genitorturers



which he had ripped the flesh off of and was eating-

HW Uggggghhh... brutal...

G. This a seventeen year old kid! And he didn't even listen to Ozzy Osbourne, either! Anyway, the whole premise of the song is, "Is it sickness or sin?" Is it a conscious act or is it an instinctual thing? ... We do live in a "Christian" world that would view it as a sin, but we are also the kind of society that likes to say, "Well, he's just sick. Put him away!" See? Which is it? That's the question.

HW Have you ever gotten harrassed during a live set?

G. No, we haven't. The closest we've gotten to harrassed is when we played at the Sunset Club one time and there were a drunk bunch of rock-n-rollers. They just did stuff like, "Oh! Get ready to play! Rock-n-roll! Lyrd Skynrd!!!" We were just fed up and once we started playing I let 'em have it... I'd go like, "You in the yellow shirt! You've got that bandanna in your left-hand pocket, huh? I guess you're a fist-fucker. Or do you want to be fist-fucked? Is that the left or the right? I can't tell from here. See, the 70's whole bandanna thing was a big part of the homosexual and S&M culture, people used different ways to identify themselves. That's where the whole business of having the earring in, the left or right comes from. I don't know about earrings, but I do know about piercings: the left came to symbolize dominant top-man, someone who gives... action; the right symbolized receiver-passive. Then you've got your whole list of bandanna colors- Did you ever see "Cruisin'" with Al Pacino?

HW: No, I've just heard about it.

G: You've gotta see that! It's got music from the Germs in the soundtrack. Anyway, it's about a cop that goes underground and pretends to be gay. They had the bandannas, and different colors mean different things. Left is dominant and right is passive, so that if you had a red bandanna in the left, you were into fist fucking people, and in the right you'd be into receiving the fist. If it was yellow in the left, you were into

want to get pissed on. You had brown for shit, you had blue for blow jobs, bestiality, etc.

HW It must get really wild when you get into the plaids...

G. That's where the whole thing comes from for the purple in our band, because purple is the Genitorturer color. Left is dominant for the genitorturer, right being the person who is genitortured.

HW. Heeeaaaaavvvvvvvyy.

HW: What material do you have available?

G. We have a 7" EP that's going to be out on No Systems Records in October. It's got a lot of stuff in-between songs and we overdid our time, so they sent it back and now we have to go and edit it down. It's sucks because it was really cool before; a lot of heavy S&M stuff. It's got this really great statement on the second side -and I'm going to keep this- with a full-on homoerotic scene



with a gay cop that rapes a guy He goes, "Take off your badge." "I'll take off my badge and stick it through your tits," and all this. The clincher at the end is when he says, "I'm an officer of the law: RESPECT IT!" Sort of police brutality in a realistic sense. See, another thing that pisses me off is people that are homophobic. Get your sexuality straight! I mean, you're either gay, heterosexual or bisexual, but you don't need to be worried about people that are gay. You're not going to catch their gayness. If you're confident in your own sexuality, gay people shouldn't bother you.

GEN ON SKINHEAD FASHION

You wanna hear a really funny thing? I was just in New York a couple of weeks ago, at the New Music Seminar, and I noticed and it was really bizarre that there were very few skinheads to be found there. I used to go up to New York and I knew all the guys in Agnostic Front and I know a lot of the people in the old hardcore scene there, and most of them seemed to be skinheads. I could not find any fucking skinheads. I went to shows, there were no skinheads... I'm wondering what the fuck? Did they die out or what?

Then I went to a show this one night

and there were all these skinheads! I went wow! They all had shaved heads, boots, braces, the whole bit, then I found it was GAY NIGHT! The new thing among gays in New York is to dress up like skinheads! It's amazing! I sort of wondered if that's done something to quell the skinhead movement, because a lot of the gay people are trying to look like skinheads.

I was in the Pyramid Club on a Wednesday night to see Two Free Stooges, the only reason being that Flea from the RHCP was playing bass for them. We show at the club and I go man, look at all the skinheads! I can't believe it! Then I look around and they're all tweaking each other's butts and kissing each other... It follows, you know? Remember during the 70's? The Village People? Those guys were as gay as a three-dollar bill and they were the cop, the construction worker - all these really macho things! I guess they groove on the machoness of the skins. HW: It could be like a reaction to all the gay-bashing going on in that area. Sort of a camouflage.

G: Yeah, maybe it protects them from being bashed! Hat

HW: That's great! The moral of the story: maybe that Doc Marten-wearing machoman is, shall we say, not what you think he is... Skinhead pride, dude



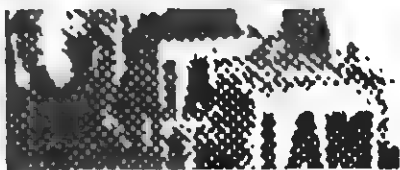
GENITORTURERS c/o Gen
7890 -E Shoals Dr.
Orlando, FL 32817

ONE HAT... THE END.



RED, WHITE & I

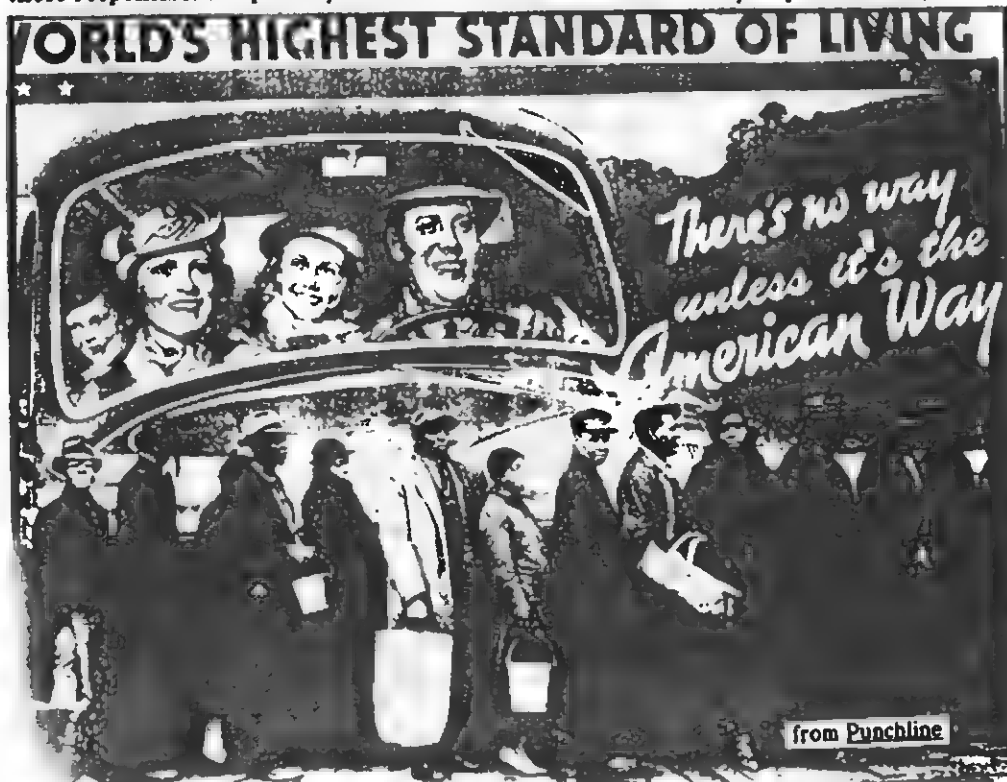
BLACKS AS PREY: AMERICA, BEYOND THE CATHODE KLAN



Even the most modern predatory instincts are not color-blind. The black communities of America are being attacked on every front by a world of commercialized media shit. The spoils of this cry out for our attention, obvious, but the masses (sometimes authentically ignorant as to their own impact) continue to allow the black man to be pushed down into second-class citizenship, oblivious. Yesteryears' legacy of physically tyrannical, outspoken and public racists remains in more subtle, but more effective, racist social structures. You will never see those responsible for poverty and

oppression on trial in a courtroom or on Oprah; please stop barking up that tree. Like John Waters said, "The most uncool thing in the 90's will be racism. My generation will pretend to be liberal while still thinking the same stupid racist thoughts."

Rebellion and attempts at social reform have given way to frustration and resignation. Political organization to subvert is gone. Constructive activism is gone. Black pride, mangled, is now governed by media hype. Nationalism has become a watered down fad, lacking any sort of revolutionary impact. T-shirt,



BLUE VS. BLACK

record, bracelet and leather necklace sales run high. Distribution of information, political activity and social consciousness are at a low, definitely on the way out. Most blacks don't invest the time or effort to understand the Black Thing themselves, much less explain it to a skinny white boy like me.

You may drink a Coke while standing in line to see the heroic Mandela speak . . . Nelson Mandela's main objective for a US tour was to promote sanctions and boycotts against Americans investing in South Africa (key targets: Ford Motor Co., Shell Oil and the Coca-Cola Co.). You may wear your Malcolm X quote screened on a shirt and have that joint or two and get fallonyourfacedrunk, maybe even at the Martin Luther King, Jr. Day Parade . . . Malcolm X: "The white man makes you use

drugs." And I'm sure the Reverend would really enjoy a mass of drunk, stoned young black men coming out to celebrate his life and maybe pick up some girls on the side. The point in all of this is not to criticize purely for the sake of it, but to show the lack of resistance. Resistance is a useful word.

The MLK's and Malcom X's of this nation have been replaced by sell-out weaklings like Al Sharpton (pictured below in all his glory) and Arsenio Hall (see "Currently Fucked" in July '90 MRR). Black art in America has been reduced to a gross, fantasyland parody of itself, in which the most popular black art is that which is either most similar to the middle-class, white value system or a ridiculous shell of once-strong statements and craftsmanship. Exceptions, as with anything else, exist, but



JOINING a beaming Al Sharpton are his daughters, Domingues (l) and Ashley, and lawyer Alton Maddox Jr. CAMERON DOMINGUES DA4

do you honestly believe the Cosby's (doctor, **FEMALE** lawyer, four kids headed for college) are representative of American blacks? The last census report stated that 34% of the black community lay on or below the poverty level (\$9,287/year for a family of four), economically on their knees, confined to ghettos and the lowest standards of living. And last time I checked, the Cosby Show was the third most-watched show on television, Oprah Winfrey was fourth, and Arsenio was the hottest thing on late night.

If our parents did such a complete and sincere job of destroying barriers between the races, why is it that we can talk comfortably about "Black" tv shows, "Black" music (of course, there is the special chart for the Negro), "Black" politicians (thank you for the great image boost, Marion Berry), "Black" language (a different tongue for a different tribe), or, most ironically, "Black" parts of town? Is it because people are, basically, determined to divide and despise each other? A strong case could certainly be made for this, but there are human motivating factors to be held responsible.

If anyone could convince me that we are simply at an intermediary step - an impossibility in itself - I might be able to deal with it. Maybe. But the sad truth seems to be that we are in a nearly-full-throttle regression and the "path to equality", supposedly paved for us all during the 60's, is not materializing. Race relations are taking a definite turn for the worse. While violent acts such as those at Howard Beach, Overtown and Bensonhurst are being dealt with as self-contained, individual problems instead of the symptoms they are, aggressors wear far too many costumes to keep track of and emancipation equals a load of shit stuffed down our throats from Day One.

Every day, we are conditioned to racist actions and attitudes c/o the corporate world. Products designed, tested, produced

packaged and advertised specifically for sale to the black community are exploitative, and I'm not talking about hair curl activator or any kind of bullshit like that. It is not a coincidence that the tobacco industries put an obscenely obvious emphasis on advertising in poor, black neighborhoods. A survey in Baltimore, Maryland found that 76% of the billboards in black neighborhoods promote tobacco and liquor. These are, literally, tried-and-true, slow-acting and addictive poisons. The intent and homicidal effect of selling the product is clear, but we still wonder why more than half of all blacks consume alcohol regularly and why lung cancer is 58% more likely among blacks. Through advertising, we are given the stereotype and, depending on our skin color and social circles, expected to embrace and imitate or reject and ridicule that same stereotype.

Salem Cigarette's "Fresh On The Scene" campaign, which - curiously enough - can be seen on most bus routes which run through black neighborhoods, uses all-black, heterosexual couples of models to illustrate that Salem is THE brand of smokes for the hip young black folks. Willingly or not, though, they illustrate something much darker: that the only normal relationship is the exclusively black one. Seven posters and seven couples in a row, on a Washington, DC bus with me, all sporting the "Fresh..." logo: none of the models are hispanic, asian, white or anything other than black. In this case, Salem doesn't necessarily deserve singling out; among advertisers, deviations from these techniques are so rare that Benetton can actually make an entire campaign out of NOT doing it by showing black and white hands embracing with their logo underneath. But don't ever forget what they're selling...

Schlitz Malt Liquor Bull, Pabst Olde English and Colt 45 are marketed almost exclusively for the black community. Uptown Cigarettes, an aborted project by

TRUE or FALSE?

Is this a real ad?

TRUE



FALSE



You Can Help! Support
The Brew
That
Supports
Your
Community



— KDIA —

Colt 45 Scholarship Fund And
The Martin Luther King Center
For Non-Violence Social Change
By Colt 45 It Works Everywhere

1. Never mind that a Colt 45 is a semi-automatic military weapon.

2. Never mind that half of all homicides involve alcohol.

3. Never mind that this ad was targeted at the black community, already suffering disproportionately from alcohol and homicide.

from A No Record Deal

R.J. Reynolds, caused a huge controversy when it became public that the brand was targeted specifically for blacks (supposedly the first known case of this in the tobacco industry). The protests and the test-marketing cancellation of Uptown bring some shred of hope to the situation, but they should only be reminders of the rest of the exploitation. A milestone in a constant struggle, but nothing more. There is no such thing as "innocent" racially-motivated advertising, especially when the welfare of all blacks is affected adversely.

While we're on the subject of drugs being used to keep blacks in a centuries-old and familiar cage, should we even dig into crack, intravenous drugs and the role of government and police in their distribution? Can there be any doubt that at least to some extent a conspiracy is being perpetrated? Whether it is one of "hands off" encouragement or direct, aggressive destruction, the drug trade seems to be the perfect murder weapon for the modern white supremacist.

Middle-class white people have yet to move into a neighborhood and disintegrate its families and property values with drug trafficking and violence.

Oakland resident and first-rate contemporary author Ishmael Reed writes: "Living in an area in which a crack den, smokehouse, or in the language of the police, problem house is in operation is like living under military rule. Your neighborhood is invaded at all times of the

day and night by armed men and women -death squads- who carry the kinds of weapons that are employed in small wars all over the world. People are trapped in their homes . . . A frustrated and angry councilperson pleads with the citizens to cooperate with the police in identifying crack retailers, and the citizens say they don't trust the police, because if they, the citizens, can identify the dealers and their dope supermarkets, then why can't the police?"

Fighting against or simply existing under all of this ("living" doesn't seem entirely appropriate), it should be no surprise that race relations have sunk to their present level. Anger, violence is all some people feel they have when the world is saying one thing and they're living another. "You have opportunities your parents never had. There's no difference between you -educated and in a suit- and the white man." Poverty, fear and degradation say different; your mind and body are prisoners to the same people who fed you the lie in the first place.

Perhaps the vital spoke in the wheel of oppression is the American education system. It is as simple as knowing that inner-city schools do not provide a solid basic-level education to their students, while suburban schools are the elite in youth learning. In Dade County, Florida, you only need to compare Palmetto to Central, Killian to American. Poorly educated (black) people get low-paying (black) jobs and live in low-rent (black) neighborhoods. Their kids end up at the local (black) school and it starts all over again. In the end, it's not necessarily the actual teaching that degrades the students

* Anticipated effect of this problem: death of one-third of the black population.

in bad neighborhoods, whether they be Nicaraguans, Haitians or American blacks: their schools look like beat-down jails while rich kids' schools look like brand new office buildings. The foundation - the ability and confidence to fight creatively and intelligently - is taken away at the start.

This process goes back: Frederick Douglass and his struggle for education as a child should be a direct parallel to every black American today, the difference being that Douglass won his fight and black Americans are losing theirs. Yes, I would love for somebody from the Dade County

Public School Board to explain this situation to me. I would gladly die for somebody to explain any of it, but there is no such person or explanation to be had. Ever. The time for explanations and accountability is long gone; catch-all solutions and answers to the question, "Why?" are not available and never will be. It is not only a time for action, but also a time for creativity, awareness and solidarity. The most useful idea to keep in mind is to not accept the world at face value; the day in which you say "it's just the way things are" is the last day worth waking up to.

REFERENCE GUIDE

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- "Fighting Ads in the Inner City" by Marcus Mabry; Newsweek: 2 5 90.
- "Don't Aim That Pack at Us" by Michael Quinn; Time: 1 29 90.
- "Return of the Paranoid Style in American Politics" by Matthew Cooper; US News & World Report: 3 12 90.
- All cut-outs and quotes as listed (Miami Herald, Utne Reader, Time)

... An increasing number of charismatics (Robertson, Falwell, etc.) are attending and influencing black non-Pentecostal churches. Christianity Today reports that middle-class black churchgoers are now being targeted for evangelism and missionary work, previously the domain of white evangelicals. This trend may prompt blacks to adopt the conservative mores of white evangelicals as well." -Utne Reader

Ads Saturate Black Community

In the black community, three brands of cigarettes - Newport (made by Lowne), Kool (Brown & Williamson) and Salem (R.J. Reynolds) - have been promoted for maximum consumption. These accounts for more than 60 percent of cigarettes purchased by blacks.

Cigarette advertisements are, along with those for alcohol, the majority of such black-oriented publications as Jet and Ebony. An informal survey of recent magazines found a wide disparity in the number of cigarette ads. Time (1), Newsweek (2), Harper's (1), People (3) and Ebony (7).

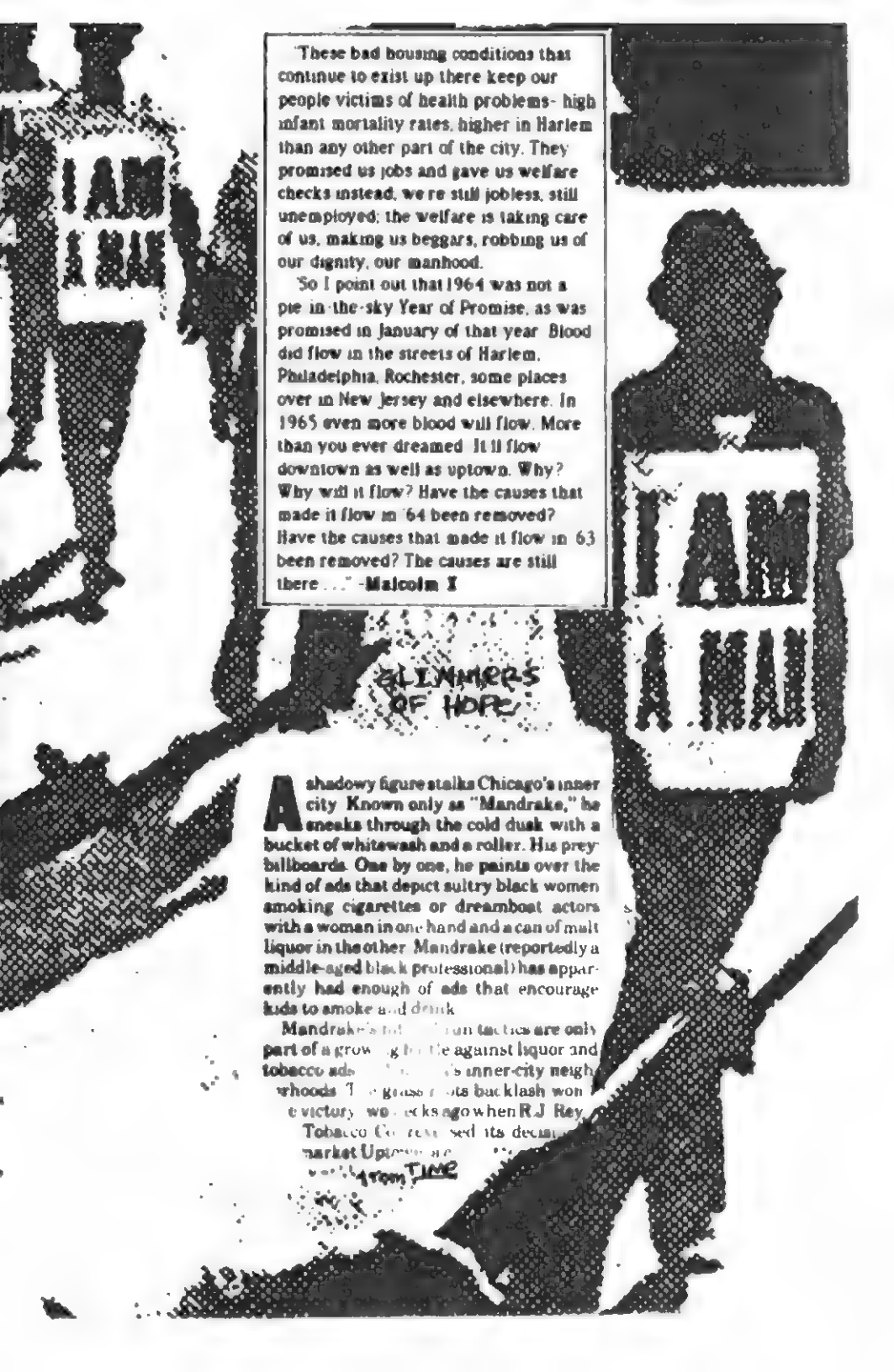
Recent data show the class disparity of cigarette smokers:

- White-collar men: 28 percent.
- Blue-collar men: 43 percent.
- White-collar women: 30 percent.
- Blue-collar women: 38 percent.
- White men: 33 percent.
- Black men: 38 percent.
- White women: 29 percent.

Black women: 32 percent. The only group showing an increase in smoking rates was women with less than \$5,000 income. Among that group, smoking increased from 25.3 percent in 1978 to 32.9 percent in 1983, the last date for statistics.

That cigarette smoking has become less fashionable among upper and upper-middle income groups over the past decade may have led many to believe that the United States is on its way to reducing the enormous toll taken by smoking. But overall consumption has decreased slightly - by about 1 percent per year since 1980.

America still has one of the highest smoking rates in the world - about 4,500 cigarettes per adult per year. And an increasing percentage of those cigarettes are being smoked by those with the least disposable income and lowest levels of education.



"These bad housing conditions that continue to exist up there keep our people victims of health problems- high infant mortality rates, higher in Harlem than any other part of the city. They promised us jobs and gave us welfare checks instead, we're still jobless, still unemployed; the welfare is taking care of us, making us beggars, robbing us of our dignity, our manhood.

"So I point out that 1964 was not a pie-in-the-sky Year of Promise, as was promised in January of that year. Blood did flow in the streets of Harlem, Philadelphia, Rochester, some places over in New Jersey and elsewhere. In 1965 even more blood will flow. More than you ever dreamed. It'll flow downtown as well as uptown. Why? Why will it flow? Have the causes that made it flow in '64 been removed? Have the causes that made it flow in '63 been removed? The causes are still there..." -Malcolm X

SLIMMERS OF HOPE

A shadowy figure stalks Chicago's inner city. Known only as "Mandrake," he sneaks through the cold dusk with a bucket of whitewash and a roller. His prey: billboards. One by one, he paints over the kind of ads that depict sultry black women smoking cigarettes or dreamboat actors with a woman in one hand and a can of malt liquor in the other. Mandrake (reportedly a middle-aged black professional) has apparently had enough of ads that encourage kids to smoke and drink.

Mandrake's hit-and-run tactics are only part of a growing battle against liquor and tobacco ads in Chicago's inner-city neighborhoods. The grass roots backlash won a victory, weeks ago when R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. reversed its decision to

market Uptown and
from TIME

Miami Herald

Graffiti vandal caught

By JON O'NEILL
Herald Staff Writer

One of the most prolific graffiti artists ever to deface a wall was arrested early Wednesday by Metro police in Kendall.

The 17-year-old Palmetto High School student, who goes by the nickname Rage, was arrested at 3:20 a.m. near Southwest 67th Avenue and South Dixie Highway. He was charged with criminal mischief and possession of a spray can and released to his mother. His name

was not released by police because he is a juvenile.

Police have been pursuing Rage for the past two months, since his "tag" was spotted on walls throughout Kendall, where graffiti is becoming more and more visible. A tag is what spray-can Rembrandts use to identify their work.

Detectives estimate Rage is responsible for thousands of dollars in graffiti-related damage. Rage specialized in murals, and one of his favorite marks was

"U.S.A.," which s
pable Artist. But
for a while, Wed

Detectives C
Wright, part
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and r
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Light Red-handed

ood for UnStop-
nesday morning,
us Ewell and Harry
of a group of officers
ack down on Kendall's
graffiti problem, got a tip
might be seen in the
d area.

two officers drove around
saw the teen in a gold Chevro-
They got behind him and fol-
wed as he pulled into the parking
ot of Dadeland Plaza, at 6651 S.

Dixie Highway.

They watched as he got out of the
car carrying a blue duffel bag. Rage,
who sports a crew cut, walked
around to the back of the shopping
center and used a chain-link fence to
climb to the roof.

He then walked to a wall that juts
above the roof and went to work.
Using spray paint cans, he wrote the
letters "SMAC" on the wall. Ewell
and Wright waited for Rage to
descend from his perch, then
arrested him. They confiscated the

gym bag, a black magic marker and
three spray cans.

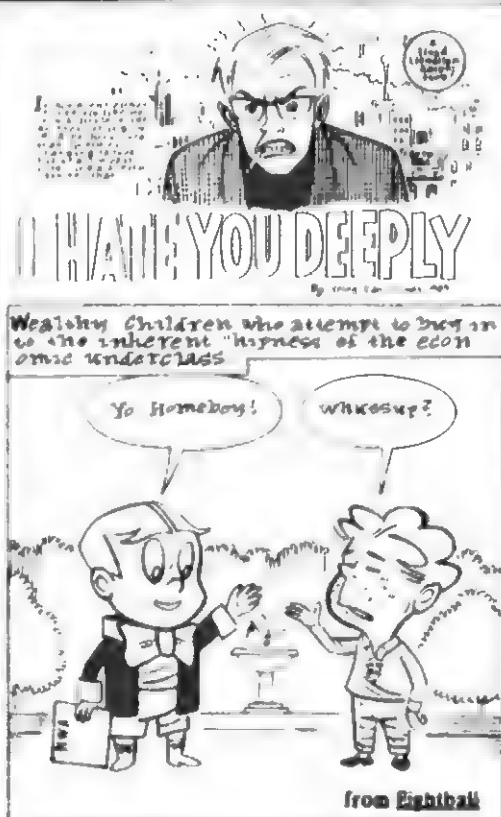
Damage to the plaza wall is esti-
mated at \$250.

Since late June, when police at the
Kendall station formed an anti-graf-
fiti task force, more than 20 juve-
niles have been arrested for defac-
ing walls. But police are asking for
more help from the community and
have set up a graffiti hot line. Any-
one who thinks they know the iden-
tity of a vandal can call the hot line
anonymously at 274-5682.

... did I say "what goes around"?

LIBERTY CITY: 10 YE

DEPEND ON ITSELF, BUT THIS IS ITS OWN FL



ARS AFTER THE RIOTS

CLIPPINGS, BACKGROUND, SCRIPT =
STANDARD ABC/MINDSET MADE OF EXPRESSION.O.K

Like Cubans, Haitians live with the constant pain of the tragedy in their homeland. Haiti is in political, economic and environmental ruin. The nation is in such free-fall that women try to give their babies to foreigners. Hundreds jam onto rickety boats for the usually futile and sometimes fatal voyage toward an unfriendly America.

Federal immigration law uses the hair's-breadth distinction of "economic" and "political" refugees to justify a radically different attitude toward Cubans and Haitians floating off Florida waters. Cubans are welcomed, because Cuba is Communist. Haitians are intercepted and turned back. If found in the United States illegally, they are jailed and then deported.

Many Haitians do not understand



Slum Housing

"Every non-black member of this community should be required to visit the slums in which the vast majority of our black citizens reside," it said. "Such surroundings create an atmosphere where apathy, frustration, hopelessness, unrest and crime breed."

The report also spoke of more than 40 vacant slum buildings in Overtown itself, the downtown black section of Miami, that are "wide open, doors and windows agape, floors strewn with filth and the rooms overrun with vermin. Murder and rape, much of which is never reported and virtually all of which is unsolved, abound in these buildings." They should be fixed up if sound; razed if not, the report recommended.

Poverty

"A substantial portion of the black community is so indigent that it does not have the means by which to maintain a minimum level of subsistence necessary for a dignified life. Unemployment, it said, involves 44.3 per cent of black youths. Private businesses that promise to help hire black youths "engage in rhetoric, not action."

"An innovative job corps program should be created to afford every person over the age of 16 who wants to work with a job," the committee recommended.

From The Miami Herald

Born Against

New York hardcore band BORN AGAINST interviewed September 1, 1990 by Schlomo of Stockholm's Who Farted? fanzine.

WF: Why do you think people see you as puritans, elitists, etc.?

BA: Because most people, especially here in New York, are lazy and don't want to deal with anything except what they think hardcore should be defined by: "straight edge", revenge, macho bullshit. Even 'political' issues that're directly related to the hardcore/punk community - such as the most recent influx of non-independent record labels or the attempts at recruitment by the Hare Krishnas - are viewed by many of today's angry youth as out of bounds, a challenge to the predictable crappy lyrics that make stage diving so damned fun.

WF: Are you anti-hardcore??

BA: An absurd question, but one that actually gets thrown at us from time to time. We're anti the kind of restrictive, humorless stupidity that most 1990's rebels want their music to reflect.

WF: With regards to politics, how can you sing about things that don't directly affect you?

BA: The personal can't be seperated from the political - never more evident than in these last few weeks when huge masses of able bodied young American men have been assembled in the Middle East to be ground into fresh hamburger so we can knock the price of gasoline back a whopping 30 cents. Registering for the draft maybe a personal act, but the implications affect all of our everyday lives... that personal decision affects the government's political decision to wage war based solely on their own head count.

WF: Don't you think that being against all those 'isms' - sexism, racism, speciesism - across the board is kind of predictable?

BA: Growing up in suburbia watching tv was the breeding ground for every one of those things. If nothing else, the same institutions teach us homophobia,

sexism, racism, speciesism. That should clue you in right there that there's some sort of connection between all those forms of hatred. When you call a woman a pig, or a bitch, or a black person a nigger, you imply something less than

human... and in this society non-human means inferior. Look at the English language, derogatory terms for women are almost always connected to speciesism: chicks, foxes, cow, playboy bunnies, pussy, beaver. Kids learn that anyone strange or unusual is a queer, faggot or homo, instilling homophobia in children before they even know what homosexuality is. We don't really think it is all that predictable to make those connections. Lots of 'politically correct' feminists eat meat. Many black male activists call women bitches. And lately the image of a young white male hardcore kid wearing an end racism shirt to an all male, all white hardcore show has become all too familiar.

WF: What do you think of Rock music?

BA: Rock music is lame shit like RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS and SOUNDGARDEN - nothing better than a highly commercialized social drug for the masses, prepackaged as rebellion, created by the system. That's one of the reasons that we have garbage like most of the "independent" labels today, which are nothing more than a front to distribute lame corporate propaganda to "the kids".

WF: What is the story with Vermiform records, and how do you plan on conducting the label?

BA: Right now Vermiform is in the process of producing the BORN AGAINST ep and the RORSCHACH LP, to be followed by a CITIZENS ARREST LP and several smaller projects. Dear Jesus fanzine 37, due out in mid September 1990, will include a seperate 2 song B.A. 7". Basically the label is an extension of an attitude that the band is trying to get across: namely, you don't have to be a ruthless bastard to get your message out, and you don't have to conform to everyone else's standards, there's always the hidden danger of starting a record label with an ideology - just look at the late BYO or Wishingwell labels to see the high drop out rate of virtuous punkers - but we're more than slightly determined to (re)establish a decent, non-exploitative record label in New York City.

WF: Anything else?

BA: Yeah, thanks for the interview Schlomo, and anyone can obtain info on what we're up to by writing P.O. Box 1145, Cooper Station, NYC, NY, 10276 USA.

VERMIFORM NATION

September, 1990 AD

Stewing in my own filth, I watch that god damned Sports Illustrated "sneaker phone" commercial on tv - the one that's on every 30 seconds - for the fifteen billionth time, trying to mentally articulate how much I hate adults. There is a special cornice of hell waiting for each and every one of them. I reassure myself, a private torture cell in the great inferno for every single bar hopper, every single Aesop's fable, every single parent who is deeply concerned about rock music, every single good German soldier in the corporate suit and tie, every single policeman with a fat mustache and wife, every single assortment of lethal phalluses, every sports fan, every beer lover, each and every single mature ADULT to have infested the planet since a group of scumbags called the human race sprouted legs and escaped the ocean all those years ago. Fuck em, all, I say. Oh by the way, I run a record label. Buy my products.



VERMIFORM
the first name in quality.

VERMIFORM
P.O. Box 1145
Cooper station
NY, NY 10276
send SASE for catalog/info



THIS AND THE NEXT RE BY
BORN AGAINST. - ED.
- THANKS ADAM & SAM.



T PATRIC

vol. 6

WAR



in the land of treason...

All hail the corporation, all
hail the red-neck with a short
temper and bulging biceps
who heckles you when you make
your one accidental excursion to the
local mall. I salute the suburbs that
surround those malls, the Levittowns of
Pennsylvania and Long Island New York,
with their whites only, separate Catholic,
Jewish and Protestant developments. I
aspire to their ingenuity and foresight.
Building houses far from the train lines
from the cities where the darkies and
halfbreeds live. Connected to the mainland
by bridges too small for buses and trains
to traverse. Sell the veterans cars, two
to a family. Give them a place to breed their
own kind, make the lysol douched wombs
of America the fields of patriotism, fucked by
a rifle
barrel.

a continuing series of lies...

PRAYER.

god, guns, guns, and gun...

Get ready to reap and rape and harvest those fields into a dust bowl. That empty plain in a desert far away is about to become fertilized with the meat of the fatherland. I'm sure lots of fucking money trees will grow, and the migrant pawns of the world will harvest it for the benefit of all who use their house

hold appliances
CD players with
and pride. These
are words
from an
ingrate.

Someone
who has
eaten shit
and knows
that most
people eat
a lot more
of it.



The White beauty and the nigger beast!
The worst crime against Race and Nature!
Mongrelization is the Jewish plan to destroy the White
Race. White Man, fight against the Jewish conspiracy!

Um sich sicher zu halten
hat der alte Mann seine
Armen hoch, "Gegen den
Vollmond gehalten! Gegen den
Sollten gehoben!"

Born Again

WORLD DISCRIMINATION

SATURDAY, 3/27/48
 1207H 34.58 ALL AGES

ABC NO R

Abstract

Beyond Mythology

Take a good look at the picture below that was the story on one of the thousands of women who tried to reach the coast of a boated life-guard station. It happened right here in America before the 973 day of war.

[illegible]

some people's "fascination with oppression and abuse," claiming that women need "a male power base" and must rely on "entrenched sex roles" to achieve equality. The author also argues that throughout history, women have been treated as second-class citizens. In contrast to their male counterparts, they have suffered from every aspect of human oppression, including sexual abuse, rape, incest, child abuse, sexual harassment, discrimination, and sexual violence. The author also argues that women have been treated as second-class citizens throughout history, and that they have suffered from every aspect of human oppression, including sexual abuse, rape, incest, child abuse, sexual harassment, discrimination, and sexual violence.

Thousands of abandoned children are raised in orphanages only facilities

[illegible]

A.D. 1470.
SATURDAY

FROM UK
Of Pells
NYCS
DISARMED
Horn
Again
WITH HIS SCARS

SPEND YOUR LAST HOURS IN THE LAND OF TREASON AT
MEXICORIO LORINGTON. www.mexicoriorivington.com

ALSO (PAGES 14) BIG GULF: ABC NORIO April 14 330

HALF MAST

when freedom is in hiding from
morality when you've finally scrubbed
this great land clean of those values you
hold in such high esteem when you've
finally divorced the numbers from the
names we can return to your good old
days bound and gagged by sex and race
chained by family, crazed by god while
we while we raise the flag shout down
the past your stars and stripes stream
by at half mast your eyes well up with
tears and yeah, so do mine I never
knew the high price of hypocrisy so
pledge allegiance to the death penalty
believe in your drug wars and bow
down to the tv set you need to cultivate
that apathy that swells inside your
throat (chorus) half mast ...
dehumanized - half mast ... divided -
half mast ... overloaded - half mast ...
who the fuck cares as long as we can
sleep well under the iron fist.

Born Against

5 SONG EP FOR \$3. Also
available: CITIZENS ARREST
7" \$3. Murders Among Us
Sampler \$3. and national
Combined Effort
catalog

FUCK the old days.
Patriotism = ff



VERMIFORM
P.O. Box 1145
Cooper station
NY, NY 10276

send SASE for catalog/info

ALL PRICES POSTPAID. NO CHECKS PLEASE

DISCIPLINE:

PART II

2.

"Did you see Rich yesterday?"

Jose nodded. Tony shifted uncomfortably and stared out the window. He said, "Looked kind of messed up, huh?"

Again, Jose nodded, then reached down and switched stations on the car radio. He found nothing that interested him, though; morning radio was all dj chatter and nerve-racking commercial interruptions. Irritated, he turned it off.

"It's starting to stink in here," Tony said, referring to the acrid smell of smoke which had infested the air ever since the fires had started (long rainless periods had turned nearby brush into dry grass inferno).

"Close the window," Jose said. "I'll turn on the air."

"Nothing beats mechanically-processed Nature," Tony joked, rolling up the window.

"Yeah," Jose agreed, humorlessly. He rounded a corner and muttered, seemingly to himself, "Richard's got that look."

Tony gazed at him, startled and perplexed.

"What?"

"Have you ever noticed that look some people at school have. Kind of like . . . I don't know . . . zombies or something. Glassy-eyed, staring all the time. They walk funny, too."

"Jose, man, what're you talking about?"

"Richard's got that look, now. Spaced-out, kinda . . ."

"Richard's always been spaced-out," Tony said.

Jose went on, paying the comment no mind: "I stopped to talk to him yesterday, asked him how it felt to be suspended for sodomy. He just looked at me like . . . like I was in his way. Didn't say a word."

"Yeah, but--"

"Yeah, I know: Richard's quiet and short-tempered and fucked up and all that, but this was different. I mean, I've known the guy since seventh grade, and I say something's wrong."

"What?" Tony asked, skeptically.

I don't know," Jose mumbled.

"Then it's all bullshit speculation," Tony said, as if it were the final matter-of-fact closing statement in a lawyer's closing discourse.

Jose stopped at a red light, turned to glare at Tony. "Maybe," he said angrily. "It's fucking possible."

Tony stared out the window, as if he hadn't heard.

Nothing more was spoken until they were approaching the school. Then Tony said, "You know, I saw something weird the day Rich got into trouble."

"What?" Jose asked, not really interested. "Well, when we went upstairs after ^{LUNCH} lunch, remember you went to your locker and I went to the bathroom?"

"Yeah, I guess. So?"

"Well, when I was walking to the bathroom, I saw Father Rosario walk out of the auditorium, and he . . . he had blood on his mouth. He was wiping it off with a handkerchief."

"Blood?"

"Yea, smeared all over his mouth and chin. I saw him wipe it off really quick, before anyone could see."

"You sure it was blood?"

"What else could it be?"

Jose thought for a second. "Ketchup, food, it was lunchtime, right?"

"Yeah," Tony said, "but he was coming out of the auditorium. Why would he be eating in there?"

Jose shrugged as he parked the car in the student lot. Then, impulsively, he glanced at Tony and asked, "Does he know you saw him?"

"No, I don't think so. He was too busy wiping the stuff off and putting away the cloth, and I walked right into the bathroom. He never saw me."

Jose let out a sigh of relief.

"Why?" Tony asked, confused.

"I don't know," Jose said, rubbing his eyes, remembering the nightmare he'd had last night: Richard's funeral. Icy butterflies fluttered in his stomach.

"Whaddya think it was?" Tony asked, opening the car door.

"I don't know," Jose muttered, and shrugged again.

"Hello."

"Hi . . . Jose?"

"Yeah."

"Hi, it's Jenny."

"Oh... Hey, Jenny, how's it goin'?"

"... Uh... not too good."

"Really? What's the matter?"

"Well... it's about Richard."

Pause. Then Jose asked, slowly: "What's wrong with him?"

"You mean you haven't noticed?"

"Noticed what?"

Jenny sighed. "I don't know. There's something wrong with him. I thought maybe you would have noticed, since you're his best friend..."

"Actually, I have noticed something; me and Tony were talking about it this morning."

"What?"

"Just tell me what you think, first."

"Well... all right. But it's... I mean... Well, I'll just tell you what happened today and let you think of something."

"Fine. Go ahead."

"See, today, when I got home from school, I called him up and asked if his Mom was home (I knew she wouldn't be). He said no and I asked if I could come over. He said 'sure'. I wasn't really paying attention at the time, but looking back on it I can see that he was kinda... I don't know... uninterested. Anyway, when I got there and he opened the door, I freaked out. I mean, I hadn't seen him since before he got suspended three days ago, and he looked really different. He looked... sick, pale, weak. Y'know what I mean?"

Jose nodded, "yeah," he murmured.

"I asked him if he was sick and he said no. So I forgot about it. Then I went to kiss him and he... pulled away, like he was scared or something. That's when I knew for sure something was wrong. I mean usually, when we're alone, he's all over me, like a sex maniac. And I know what he got suspended for 'cause a friend of mine's brother told me, and by the way, it isn't true."

"Yeah, right," Jose joked half-heartedly, trying to find some sort of relief in tasteless humor.

"It isn't!" Jenny shouted, mocking outrage.

"Yeah, yeah, I believe you. Go on."

"Anyway, like I said, he was afraid to kiss me. So I asked him again if he was sick, if there was something wrong, but he said no. So I just shrugged and tried to talk to him about being suspended, teasing him, y'know. He wouldn't say anything, though. He wouldn't even look at me... He just kept staring down into the Coke he was drinking... like... catatonic or something. I don't know. So finally I couldn't take it anymore and I went and sat next to him and tried to hug him, asking what was wrong. He freaked out. He pushed me off him and started screaming that

there was nothing wrong and that he didn't want me to touch him and that I should leave... So I apologized and I left."

There was a long pause. Then Jenny asked, "Whaddya think?"

Jose sighed. "I'm not sure, but something's definitely wrong with him."

"I thought the priests had finally gotten to him, about sex and all. I know the nuns have brainwashed a whole bunch of my friends at my school. They keep telling us these horrible..."

"No, I don't think it's that," Jose cut in. "It's something deeper than that," Jose said. "It's a change in his whole attitude... He's like... zombified... catatonic, like you said. He's been like that at school for the last two days, ever since he got back from that one day suspension." Jose stopped, thought a second. "Maybe his mom cursed him out or something for getting in trouble?"

"I don't think so; his mom's not like that."

"Yeah, you're right. Besides, Richard never really gives a shit what his mother says, anyway. He doesn't give a shit about the priests, though, either. He's more anti-priest than I am, even though he still says he's a Catholic. In fact, he..." Jose trailed off, mousing soundless words. He had just remembered what Tony'd said about Father Rosario and the blood.

"Jenny," he said, then hesitated.

"What is it, Jose? What's wrong?"

He continued, cautiously: "Have you noticed any... any marks on Jose?"

"Marks? Whaddya mean?"

"Like... cuts, bruises, scars. Stuff like that."

Jenny fell silent, trying to remember. "No," she said finally. "No, why?"

"Nothing," Jose said. "Don't worry about it." He felt that he should be relieved, yet he wasn't. What difference did it make that he or Jenny hadn't seen any marks if Richard was fully clothed? Then Jose remembered they had P.E. tomorrow. He could check Richard out when he changed into his P.E. uniform. He would have to be careful, though. Homophobia was rampant in an all-boy private school; the last thing he needed was to be beat up for being a suspected faggot.

"Jose? Jose are you still there?"

"Uh... yeah, Jenny. Look, I gotta go. I'll check this out and call you tomorrow, all right?"

"Okay. Thanks, Jose."

"No problem."

"Bye."

"Bye."

The next day, Richard was excused from P.E. He had a note from Father Rosario. Jose couldn't find out what it said.

Three days later, Monday, Richard was dead. Suicide: the second biggest killer of teenagers in the nation.

Jose found out in the last few minutes of seventh period, just as everyone was preparing to leave. Richard had been absent during the day, and Jose hadn't been able to get in touch with him over the weekend. Consequently, Jose had been worried. His stomach was acting up - an unsettling and intuitive physical premonition of horrible things to come. Yet Jose was unable to grasp (at least not consciously) what those horrors would be. And so he could do nothing but wait, like a blindfolded prisoner awaiting an unspecified execution, knowing the ghastly end was near, not knowing exactly how near, or what form it would take when it arrived.

It arrived in the form of a severe, intense voice crackling through the loudspeaker:

"I'm sorry to interrupt classes," Father Nunez said, and was greeted by a chorus of smart-ass insults by students anxious to leave, "may I please have your attention for a moment. A horrible tragedy has struck our school . . . (Jose's stomach squirmed and shrank) . . . It seems that a senior, Richard Delgado, killed himself today, earlier this afternoon."

A moment of silence followed, during which the students actually stopped their chattering and mumbled questions to others about what had been announced. Meanwhile, Jose felt lightheaded and sick, his vision blurring, his stomach bloating. Everything took on an unreal, dreamlike quality, like feverous delusions or early-morning half-sleep hallucinations.

"I repeat," Father Nunez continued, for the benefit of many a perplexed student: "Richard Delgado, a senior here at St. Andrews, has committed suicide. This is a most grievous matter, and we here, in the St. Andrews community, are deeply affected by such a tragedy." Someone in the back of the room mumbled something about Richard being a "fuckin' freak." He was hushed dutifully by the others. Nunez went on, sounding less sincere and more like a commercial with every word: "We ask you to keep him in your prayers, and ask God . . . that his soul be saved. Funeral arrangements have yet to be made, but a prayer service will be held for him tomorrow morning, in the St. Andrews chapel, at eight o'clock sharp. We ask that you attend and be punctual."

"Free snacks and refreshments will be served afterwards in the teacher's lounge," Jose muttered, shoulders slumped over, head resting on his desk. Someone patted him on the back.

"Thank you very much, and have a nice day," Father Nunez finished, just as the bell rang. Mice moved slowly, temporarily dizzy, confused, shocked, but soon they regained their composure and scampered down steps and into cars, eager to escape the laboratory maze.

Jose sat at his desk for some time, staring at the wall, trying to slice through the murky slime which had settled in his mind. The teacher said nothing, he simply sat and did paperwork. Outside, the halls gradually grew silent. Soon there wasn't a sound, neither in the room nor in the halls, except the white-noise humming of the air-conditioner and an occasional ruffling of paper from the teacher's desk.

Jose rose shakily, staggered to the door, entered the maze.

Ms. Martha Delgado was sucked dry

Or so it seemed. She was normally a slim, dark, unspectacular brown-haired woman of middle age and height. But almost overnight, she had undergone a horrid metamorphosis. Now she was another victim of the family-death vampire, that intangibly oppressive being which drains the living and drags them down into the grave of the dead. The result was a small, pale, slumped and shriveled animal, arid skin dry to the bone, face inflamed and red yet still somehow fleshless, as if toxic gas had been pumped beneath a thin layer of visible skin in an attempt to pass for meat.

It must be hard, Jose thought, being a single parent having to deal with all this.

Jose crossed the parking lot of the funeral home - weaving through the small crowd which had attended the wake and were now heading back to their cars - and walked over to where Ms. Delgado stood. She was talking with a neighbor whom Jose had seen on occasion when he'd visited Richard: an ugly overweight red-haired Panamanian pig of a woman who spoke shrilly and incessantly, like a chattering hyena. At the moment, the neighbor was recounting a third-hand variation story of some nameless teenage girl who'd also committed suicide and in the same fashion as Richard, sleeping pill overdose. (Jose remembered Richard saying once that anyone who shot himself or jumped off a building was so stupid he deserved to be dead; sleeping pills were the way to go. Richard was always saying things like that.)

"Excuse me, Ms. Delgado," Jose said, interrupting the neighbor who stared as if she'd been insulted.

He ignored her, but he still felt awkward and embarrassed, not knowing what to say to Martha. "I'm . . . really sor-sorry," he finally stammered, for lack of anything better to say. What was he supposed to say? None of his friends had ever died before, and all he knew came from watching choreographed Hollywood condolences, where even the lamest statement could be made to seem intense and sincere.

"Thank you, Jose," she said, then made to turn around. Jose panicked, clutched her bony wrist. "Wait!" he croaked.

She turned back towards him, frowning at the hand on her wrist. Jose released her and said he was sorry, but really needed to talk to her, now that the wake was over.

"Fine," she said.

"Okay, but it can't be here. It's kinda important that I see you alone. Can I stop by your house?"

Martha's frown deepened.

"Well . . . all right," she said, "but please make it quick."

"I promise I will," he said.

At the house, Jose sat on an elegant beige couch while Martha fixed herself a drink. He thought of the prayer service held that morning. It had been absurd. He hadn't really wanted to go, since he wasn't a Catholic and the whole idea of praying for the souls of the dead was best criticized by Richard, who had once said, in that calm, cold, ever-so-rational voice of his: "If God wants to save someone's soul, he'll save it; it doesn't matter how much anyone prays. I mean is God, who's so all-knowing and all-powerful, really gonna change his mind 'cause a whole bunch of ignorant humans ask him to?" Ever since he'd heard that, Jose's attitude had been the same. But he'd gone to the service anyway, less out of respect for his dead friend than out of courtesy to his living friends.

And, of course, he'd been disappointed.

The priest who spoke seemed to be describing a different person than the one Jose had known: "a nice, intelligent, sensitive young man who occasionally got into trouble but mostly tried to do the right thing and adopt a Christian morality," was basically what they said. This wasn't Richard at all. He was not nice; he was rude. He was not sensitive; he was cold, cynical. He got into trouble because his morality was so bizarre that some might even have argued that it was non-existent. He didn't even believe in honesty: he called himself a Catholic simply because it was the easy thing to do and it saved time. The only thing they got right was that he was young and intelligent.

But all this did not bother Jose so much as the manner in which it was all stated and received.

Stated empty, received empty, hidden behind an emotional facade. Like a tv commercial for some fluke product. It made Jose sick.

To add to it all, one priest, Father Childgood - a pale, bald, wrinkled little Yoda-like creature with bulging blue eyes and transparent skin which exposed his purple veins - stated quite clearly that Richard had died in unrepented mortal sin and was consequently prone to eternal damnation. So let us pray for his soul and salvation.

Seated on Martha Delgado's couch, eyes half-closed in recall, Jose shook his head, disgusted.

Martha entered the room from the kitchen with her drink in one hand (some form of alcohol, Jose guessed) and sat across from him in an uncomfortable-looking wicker chair. The room was dark, full of shadows, lit only by the weak orange glow of a small lamp next to Jose. Martha stared at him with tired eyes, and, after sometime, asked, "Well?"

Jose squirmed and crumbled under her gaze.

"What'd you want to talk to me about?" she prompted, impatient.

"I . . . uh." Great, Jose thought; how was he supposed to say this? He decided subtlety would be best. He said, "I was wondering if Richard had left a note or something, a reason for what he did."

Their eyes met for a moment, and then Martha glanced aside, then down into her drink. Jose noticed that she had suddenly become very nervous and even more pale. Her hands trembled, and she controlled them with some effort. She licked her lips, opened her mouth to speak, and then faltered. She raised her head and stared into the dark corner opposite the lamp. Jose saw that her eyes shimmered like crystal, filled with tears. Finally, she said, quietly and shakily: "They were here from the school."

Jose frowned and felt uneasy. What did she mean by that?

"I called them . . . I thought they should know . . . I didn't think it . . ." she trailed off, wiped a tear from her cheek, stared down into her glass.

Jose didn't know what to say, so he waited in silence. Eventually, Martha spoke, loudly and clearly: "I hid it. There was a note, but I hid it. It was the first thing I did after I realized he was dead, not asleep. I don't know why. Nobody's seen it but me. Not even the police . . . and especially not the school. I didn't want anyone to read it, didn't even know if it meant anything. It was there on the night table next to him . . ."

Jose waited a moment to make sure she was done, then asked: "Can I see the note?"

She nodded silently, lips pursed. Then she stood up and walked out, into one of the bedrooms at the back of the house. It seemed obvious to Jose that she was eager to show it to someone, to share the knowledge, maybe even pass it on. She returned, walking quickly, and handed him a sheet of white typing paper. He took it from her, and she sighed, as if a great burden had been taken from her.

Jose looked at the paper. A small poem had been printed neatly in the center in black ink. It read:

The S.S. is waiting, watching,
yearning to eat your genitals ...
They wear black, white collars, glasses;
they have offices with glass walls ...
They worship God.
Protect your balls:
UNTUCK YOUR SHIRT !!

Typical, is what Jose should have thought. Richard was always writing humorous surreal poems, although they were usually not this short, nor this grotesque. But it stands to reason that a suicide note would be both of those.

That is what Jose should have thought; would have thought, under other circumstances.

But as it was, he didn't think that at all. He forced his mind to be silent. He built a wall around his brain and a fortress around his skull. He turned himself off, went blank, remained that way until Martha's quivering voice filtered through, like dripping water from a leaky roof.

"And there's something else ... something no one else knows ... the coroner said he ... Richard ... had been- he'd been ..." her lips trembled and mouthed a soundless word. Then her head dropped forward into a waiting hand, and she wept loudly and uncontrollably, giving incomprehensible explanations, trying to make Jose, and herself, understand. The walls he'd built had crumbled, and he could feel his mind expanding slowly, splitting, like an egg hatching in mud. The truth he had repressed finally revealed itself to him, and he could only sit there, weightless, motionless, transfixed by the knowledge, staring wide-eyed and without seeing at the withered woman before him crying in the silent shadow of dull orange night.

-C.J. Maddox

[The third and final part of this story will appear in issue #5.]

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WELL, NOT IN THIS CASE...

THINK ABOUT IT

People in the South Florida hardcore scene are quick to take a stand against racism which, when you take into consideration the fact that racism is practically non-existent within the scene, doesn't take all that much courage. Yet the blatant sexist values which are prevalent not only aren't spoken against but are actually perpetuated by many of the very same individuals who are supposedly so vehemently opposed to racism. Can you say hypocrisy boys and girls? I know I can. As for the few girls who are involved, they seem to be more or less limited to playing the role of 'band bitch' or are seen as just another prospective lay by the macho chauvinist goons who hold a firm authoritative grip over our scene.

Racism, sexism, nationalism, homophobia. Hatred by any other name is still hatred. By pandering to those individuals, bands, clubs who condone such attitudes, we are doing our part in helping to perpetuate them. It's do or die for South Florida hardcore folks, and although it seems that most of you, through your apathy, have chosen the latter, there's still hope. It's up to you.

Fight all forms of prejudice,
not just racism.

STAND UP!!

I wrote this flyer after a recent show at a club called the Pit (R.I.P.-praise Jesus) in West Palm Beach where a handful of local bands played, namely Dead End, Powerhouse and Awake. During the first band, Dead End's set, the band made several sexist rantings before songs (i.e. "dis one's dedicated to all dem bitches out there," etc.), as a good many of the crowd, both male and female, cheered in approval. Then the club held a "Hot Legs" contest between sets, in which four or five women were more-than-willing participants, pandering to the jeering and groping crowd.

Where were the bands while all of this was going on? Certain members of the band Awake were busy pouring water on some of the girl's chests. As for Powerhouse, one girl who objected to what was going on and wanted to voice her disapproval was told to "mind her own business". I think Powerhouse's drummer, Andy Powell, best summed up the band's attitude when I spoke with him after the show and was told that "we [the band] don't care, we just want to play our music."

From what I could gather from the flyer's response, it seems that the overwhelming majority of you hold the attitude that "these things

-Tony Collette

shouldn't be taken so seriously" or "it's all done in fun; it's not hurting anyone". Granted, no harm was done that night (at least not physically). Certainly no more than if Dead End had instead proclaimed "dis one's dedicated to all dem niggers out there," or if instead of a "Hot Legs" contest, the club held a "Nigger on an Noose" contest. But what is extremely harmful is the underlying attitude that the night's actions were giving expression to, which leaves a woman with a 25% chance of being raped or sexually abused before she reaches the age of eighteen. Think about it.

MAN-MADE...
BY THE
HANDS OF
A CHILD

Every single fucking time I do something public (like this zine), I look at the final product and can't help thinking to myself that it's the silliest pile of confused, infantile, uneducated, watered-down, worthless shit there ever was. Every page that rolls out of the photocopier puts me one notch lower in self-respect. No matter how many times someone tells me THEY thought it was good and THEY liked it (not that this happens all that often or anything), I'm still disappointed to the point of embarrassment.

I realize this feeling is old hat to most, especially artist-types, but it really makes me feel like a fake to realize that I've never gotten a single argumentative or confrontational response to this zine... so much for strong, no-holds-barred, balls out, tell-it-like-you-think-it-is journalism.

So from this writing on out, stop telling me about all the insignificant things you like (oh, the lay outs were lovely!), ok? Unless you're either critical or specific, I'll have a nagging suspicion that "you're just saying that", or that you don't read my page, in which case you get a double fuck you.

I hate vague, polite compliments and I hate the way I feel about everything I do, but that's the way I like it. I am content with dissatisfaction. Stagnation and complacency are out of the question and the surest path to doom. Damn, I've been dying to write that.

Quick analogy:

I am not a virus. I don't need to be a part of any body: all the bodies I was a part of are dying on me, but I've felt no need to find new hosts. I am capable of roaming this planet without being a parasite. After all, being a parasite is nothing to be proud of, especially when other parasites have taken over.

When parasites take control, it's definitely not my job to fix the irreparable damage. What's the cure when the very heart of the thing has been infiltrated, abused and transformed? There is none, so I'm not going to waste myself with hopeless salvage efforts. When something hates you, there's nothing to do but leave it alone, because, eventually, the feeling will become mutual.

Punk's not dead It just deserves to die
When it becomes another stale cartoon
A close-minded, self-centered social club
Ideas don't matter it's who you know
If the music's gotten boring it's because of the people
Who want everyone to sound the same
Who drive the bright people out of the so-called scene
Until all that's left is just a meaningless fad
Hardcore formulas are dogshit
Change and caring are what's real
Is this a state of mind or just another label...
Harder core than thou for a year or two
Then it's time to get a real job
Others stay home, it's no fun to go out
When the gigs are wrecked by gangs and thugs...
Walk tall, Act small
Only as tough as gang approval
Unity is bullshit
When it's under someone's fat boot. -Dead Kennedys

BAD TOWN (written and sung by Unt)
They call it a scene I call it disaster down here
the kids grow up faster - scared they're scared
to the bone like a pack of wolves they don't run
alone one on one they won't look you in the eye
but when the pack's together there's a bar-
terry I saw fifteen on one when the crowd dis-
persed the kid was done, No (no more) bad
(bad town) no more bad town Down there you
gotta have a label - just like cattle in a stable -
knee jerk reaction I call violence - why speak
out when you could be silenced - down there
out on the dance floor - too much violence - I
don't want more - down there out on the street
- I can see the air I can see the heat



Scene of the Crime:

DARKNESS

I feel the cover of night is a call to evil. It's a Danzig/Morrissey thing, really. Feeling you're getting away with things you shouldn't do, behind others' backs and usually behind your own. How many "one DAY stands" have you ever heard of? All the time, I could see this Change come with people's plans of Getting Together, Going to Some Party and Hangin Out or Whatever. The Whatever is what really gets me ... every time. It doesn't seem like I belong in that- all I ever see is ugliness; how can that be right? and to make things worse, it doesn't seem like anyone else belongs in it either. I don't know. Maybe there's something drastically wrong with me. A gross maladjustment; that must be so. I can't stand it. People talking about it even makes me sick. People should learn to fuck themselves instead of each other- they'll probably be miserable, but at least I'll be intact. Nighttime with

people with Plans makes me want to hide myself away. Thus it hath always been and so shall it remain. Amen ("enough said").

SUICIDE SLOWLY

*Sticks and stones may break my bones,
But cancer will probably kill me.*

My friend's family seems fairly addicted to Shasta Diet Soda. Shasta Diet Soda causes cancer. This is because of the significant amounts of saccharin it contains. They know this, and when you ask them about it, all they do is laugh nervously at you and avoid any other questions. They know ... The cans even have little "warning" labels, like cigarettes. It makes me afraid to know they know. These are smart, aware people. They realize the grave-digging course of many parts of their lifestyles and are ready to admit it to you, but they will not take any steps to make

alterations.

It makes me think of the millions who must go through the same process, in all its forms. Ignorance cannot explain that kind of behavior. The only explanation I can think of is that hopelessness and apathy, not cancer, are the problems, silently eating away at us all: tv, work, drugs and food and everything else I can't even keep track of for myself.

Meanwhile, a box of empty carcinogenic soda cans sits by the trash. Another box waits, unopened, by the refrigerator, killing my friend and his parents, but there is never anything I can do or anyone I can blame for any of it . . .

I've been tossing these ideas over in my mind lately: organized, public religion is inherently corrupt and destructive; record stores have every right to sell Skrewdriver or any other White Power records without being harrassed or necessarily being thought of as corrupt; boycotting (all forms of vegetarianism included) is not the most effective vehicle for political and economic activism. This is an open forum for

people's ideas on these subjects- like a letters section, but not exactly. Should be a hoot.

Also, I'm thinking of doing a bi-weekly newsletter kind of thing which would be made up entirely of excerpts from the mainstream press (TIME, US News, etc.). Let me know if you would be interested in helping me compile this or receiving it in the mail for a hell of a large fee. Let's see . . . well, write to the Hoodwink address.

The idea of the zine format as a social vehicle is not something I embrace. My current intent is to do something serious that has some kind of subversive, extreme punch, not some big inside joke, completely masturbatory (that word comes in handy with a lot of things these days) tabloid that is paper thin, speaking metaphorically and literally. Anything less would not be valid or worth doing. As usual, I'm only speaking for myself, I don't pretend or presume to know what's going through anyone else's mind or what they should or shouldn't do. But, for Nash's sake, just look at Carter! I don't care Scott Galt offended - that's the point, see? Not to write to offend, but to write about whatever you want without much concern for offense. Yes, the flap thing was funny, ok? Perhaps what you need is a bit of deromulation, yes? Oh yes - holy holy holy

My confession is that, just like I had complimentary reviews of Chain of Strength and Payback I guess who wrote em, go ahead, I dare you. I once had a significant part of my motivation for doing this kind of work taken up by the perverse lust for A Topic of Casual Conversation and Identity Badge. I am happy to say that A Topic of Casual Conversation and Identity Badge is no longer an interest of mine. Some final notes: Ernest Hemingway was a scumbag back and doesn't deserve to have a brand of douche commemorating him, much less a postal stamp. As always, a world class FUCK YOU to anyone who complains about me to other people before coming to me about it. And a final reminder: no one pushed me out, I left. I'm gone.

- DE, MIAMI, FL
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